

WALDEN

80-81













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WALDEN  
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Y



1980  
1981

# 80-81 DEDICATION

Deciding who to dedicate the yearbook to is a task, trying to keep in mind who we students dedicated it to last year and the year before. So, finally, one wise brain suggested to dedicate this year's yearbook to

## THE FACULTY

Well, we went around taking surveys, asking the students to be honest and to TELL US WHAT THEY LIKED MOST ABOUT THE FACULTY. We did this without letting them know what it was for. Here are some of the responses:

The teachers care about us students . . .

They're open, willing to listen . . .

They're damn good . . .

They have a sense of humor . . .

They're characters! . . . friends . . .

I'm able to express myself to them . . .

They're patient . . . make it fun . . .

They let you be yourself . . .

They help and understand . . . no pressure . . .

We go on a first-name basis! . . .

They're different . . . trusting . . . talented . . . intelligent . . .

eager to talk . . . relate . . . concerned . . . nice . . .

They teach you . . .







I'm a person who sees life in focus

I stand behind all the things I do,



I reach for my wildest dreams  
and goals



and they become real.





I walk through life with  
doubts . . .



My fears and reasons . . .



I keep my mind clean,

and open for your  
friendship.

I give my peace,

And it comes alive.







**A group  
of people  
met in  
class today.**







Part of the  
time they  
worked,  
and part of  
the time  
they played.





But when it  
they looked

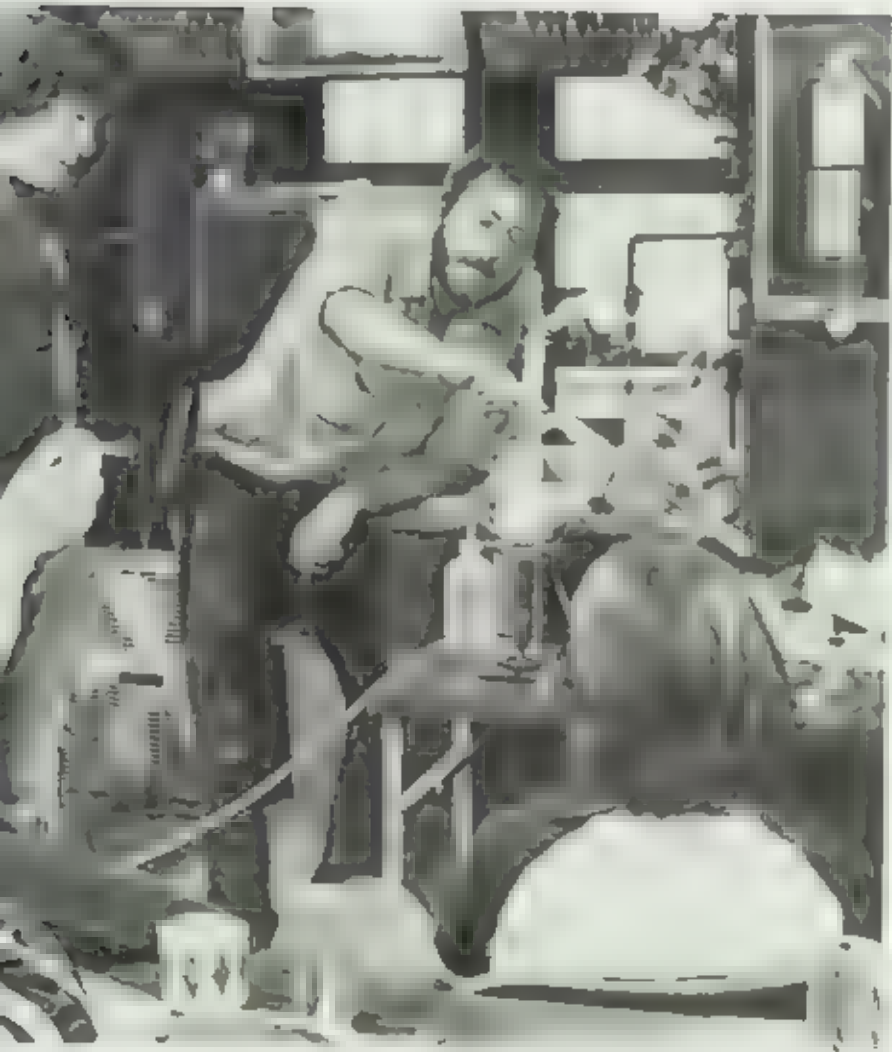


and found  
they



was all over,

within themselves



that

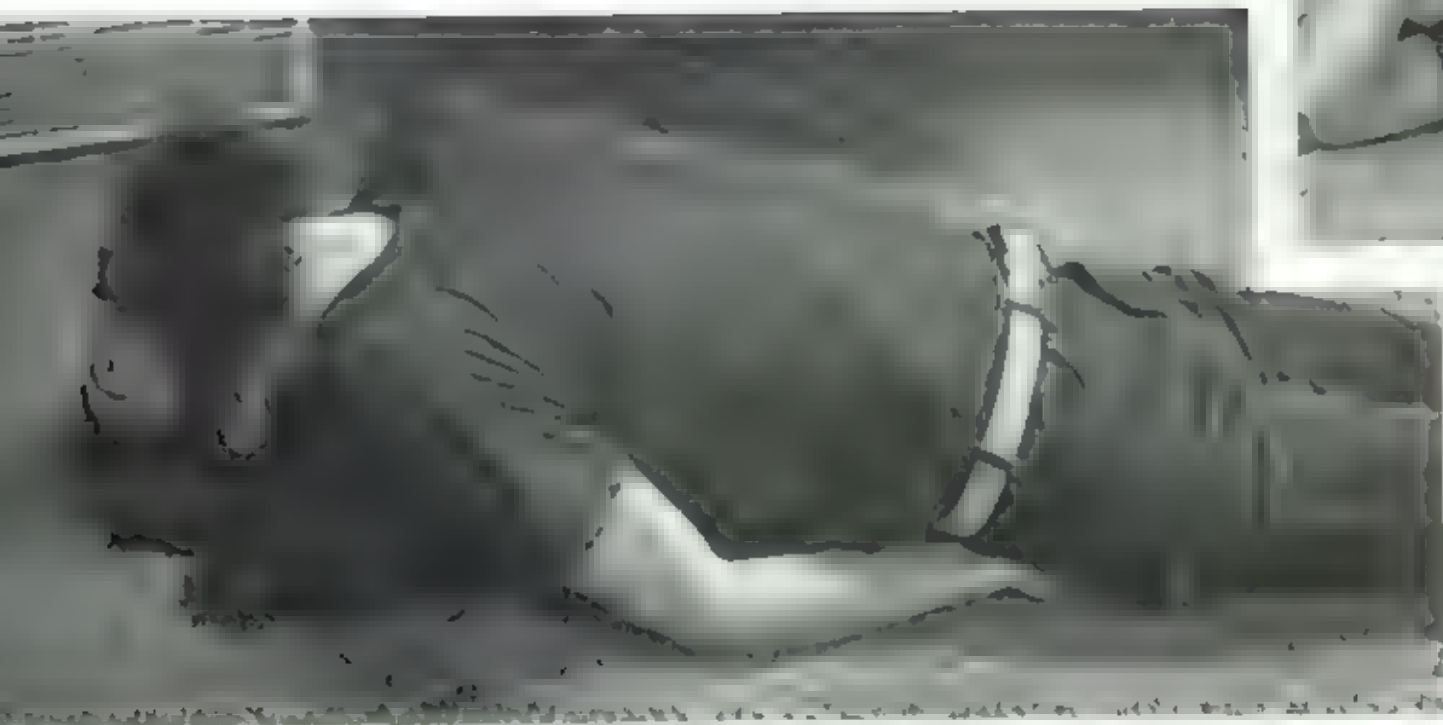
had changed.





# Through YOGA

we bear a . . .





The calm  
mends the pain!

And to us —



finding truth  
is the reason.

Thank you,  
Stephen.

Joel Sutton  
Jude Koons  
Bill Bookman  
Karen Barnett  
Frank Homet  
Bunnie Mecaskey  
David Raffman  
Ha Pham  
Heather Brown  
Greg Shuford  
Joe Doina







**Z28**



We've got your number.

We've got the style.

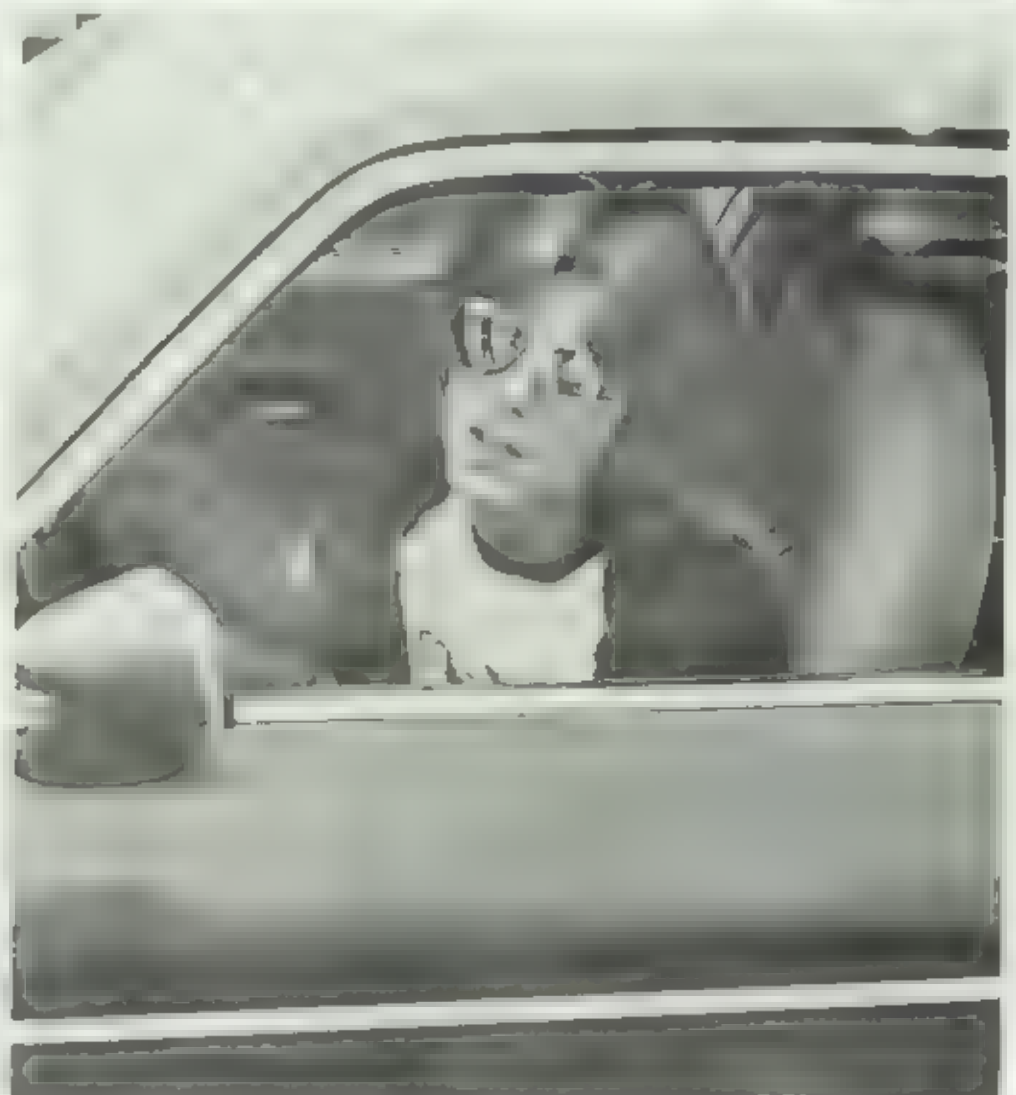
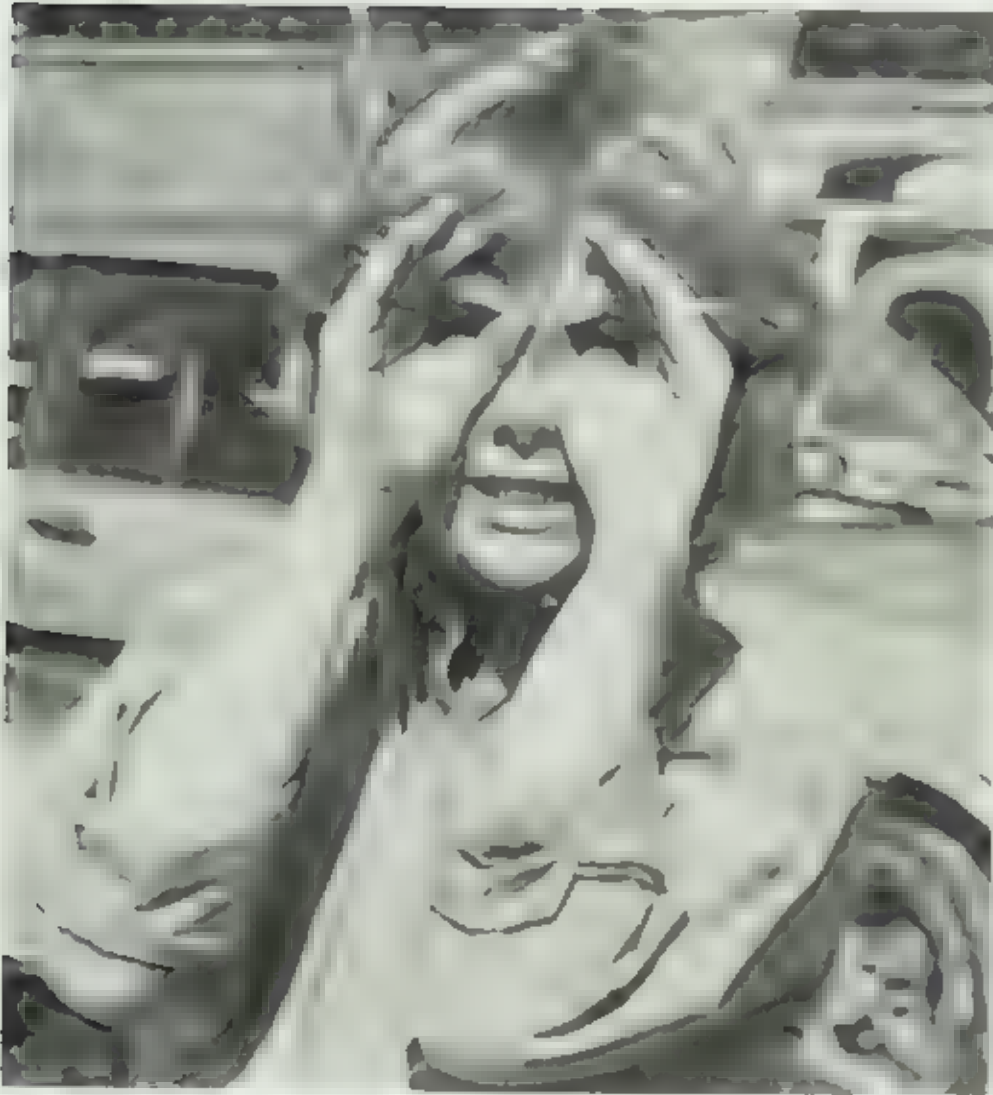
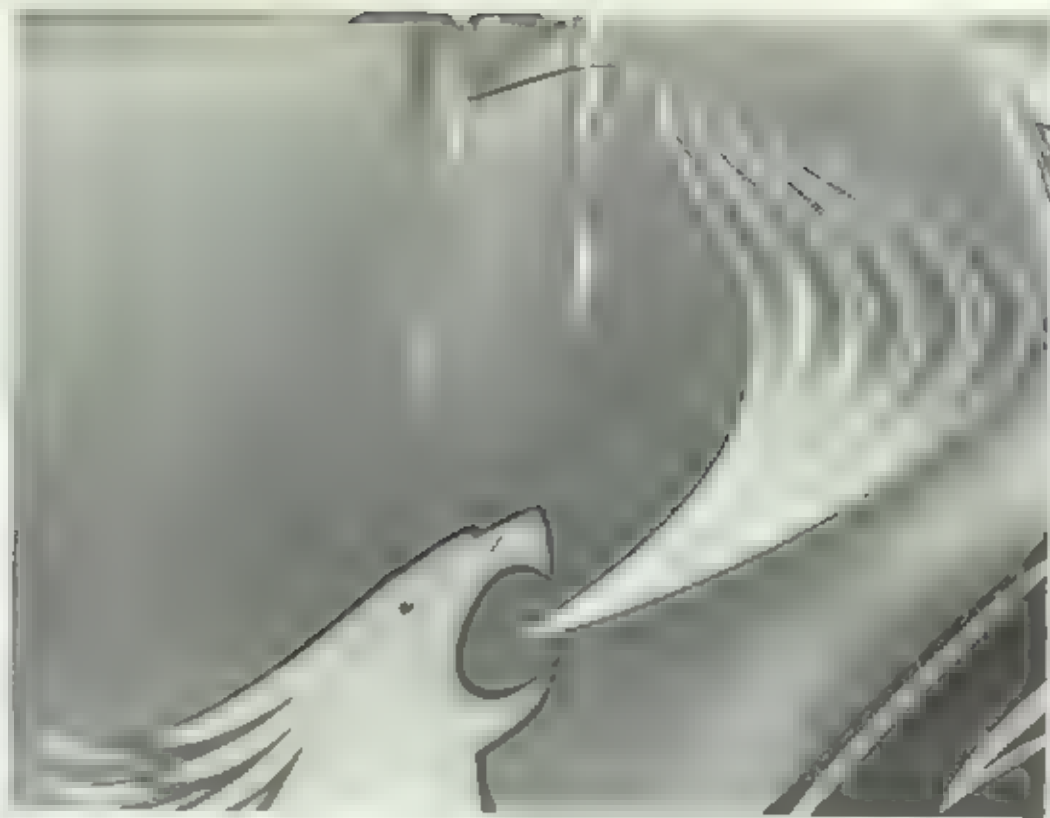




# PARKING LIFE

Where we stray

and where we play.



We've got the look.



And we've got the  
smile!



# SENIORS

I found myself alone one day,

Heather Brown

Far away there in  
the sunshine are my  
highest aspirations,  
I may not reach  
them, but I can look  
up and see their  
beauty, believe in  
them and try to  
follow where they  
may lead.

Dana Vineyard

Love and beauty  
are very great; hope  
we all make it  
through Walden to  
graduate.





so I gathered up some nails and boards . . .



Bryan Post

Nothing splendid  
has ever been  
achieved except by  
those who dared  
believe that  
something inside  
them was superior  
to circumstance.  
(Bruce Barton)  
Great spirits have  
always encountered  
violent opposition  
from mediocre  
minds. (Albert  
Einstein)



Jim Hoffman

Sun is the same in a  
relative way, but  
you're old and  
shorter of breath  
and one day closer  
to death.



Celeste Beller

No more; No more.

Greg Shuford

The bond that links  
your true family is  
not one of blood,  
but of respect and  
joy in each other's  
life. Rarely do  
members of one  
family grow up  
under the same  
roof.





Sloan Smith

Many dreams come true and  
some have silver lining. I live  
for my dream and a pocket full  
of gold. (Led Zeppelin)

Julie Carlisle

Namaste: In India when people  
meet and part they often say  
"Namaste", which means "I  
honor that place in you where  
the entire universe resides; I  
honor the place in you of love,  
of light, of peace; I honor that  
place within you, and I am at  
that place within me; there is  
only one of us." (Namaste)





Julia Munden

Joel Sutton





Jill Wilson

If you love something,  
Set it free; If it comes  
back to you, It's yours; if  
it doesn't, it never was!



Sondra Chandler

And it makes me  
wonder . . .  
(Led Zeppelin)





Steve Hodgson

Don't stop to borrow things  
you don't need; move on in life.

Jude Koons

If your mind was free, where  
would your soul be?







Randy Behrens

David Raffman

Time stands still.



Danny Pulley

We, the willing, led by the  
unknowing, are doing the  
impossible for the  
ingrateful. We have done so  
much for so long, with so  
little, we are now qualified to  
do anything with nothing.



Jennifer Keen

There's a train everyday,  
Leaving either way.  
There's a world you know,  
There's a way to go.  
And I'll soon be leaving,  
That's just as well.  
This is my opening  
Farewell.





Kim Doyle

Tim Hawkins

Tell me what I'm living  
for. I feel like I'm tossed in  
the middle.





Andy Skibell —

When our weary  
world was young,  
the struggle of  
the ancients  
first began.  
The Gods of love and  
reason sought alone  
to rule the fate  
of man.

(Rush)

Brook Batson







Mary Turner -

Take it easy . . . but take it.  
(Woody Guthrie)



Valerie McGhee

Honza Krulich —

Dear Mr. Fantasy,  
Play me a tune.  
Something to  
make us all  
happy.

(Traffic)

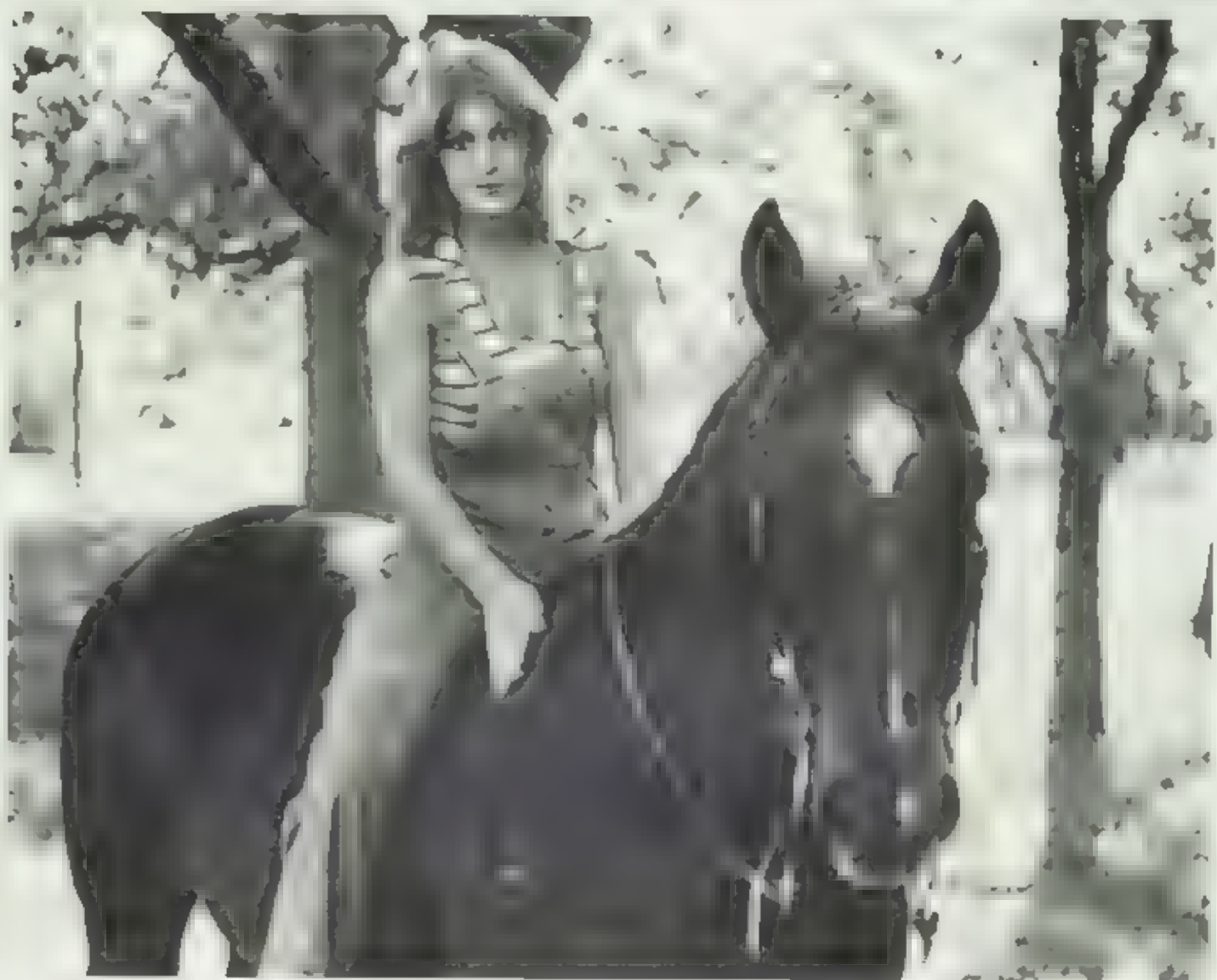


Vivica LaMarsh —

I love you all,  
and I'll miss  
you very much.







Brenda Bradburn



David Phillips —

Sometimes in  
confusion I felt so  
lost and  
disillusioned,  
innocence gave  
confidence to go  
up against  
reality.

(Rush)

Amy Crayton —

Upon us all, a little  
rain must fall.  
(Led Zeppelin)



Ron Mills —

The timid folk beseech me the  
wise ones warn me.

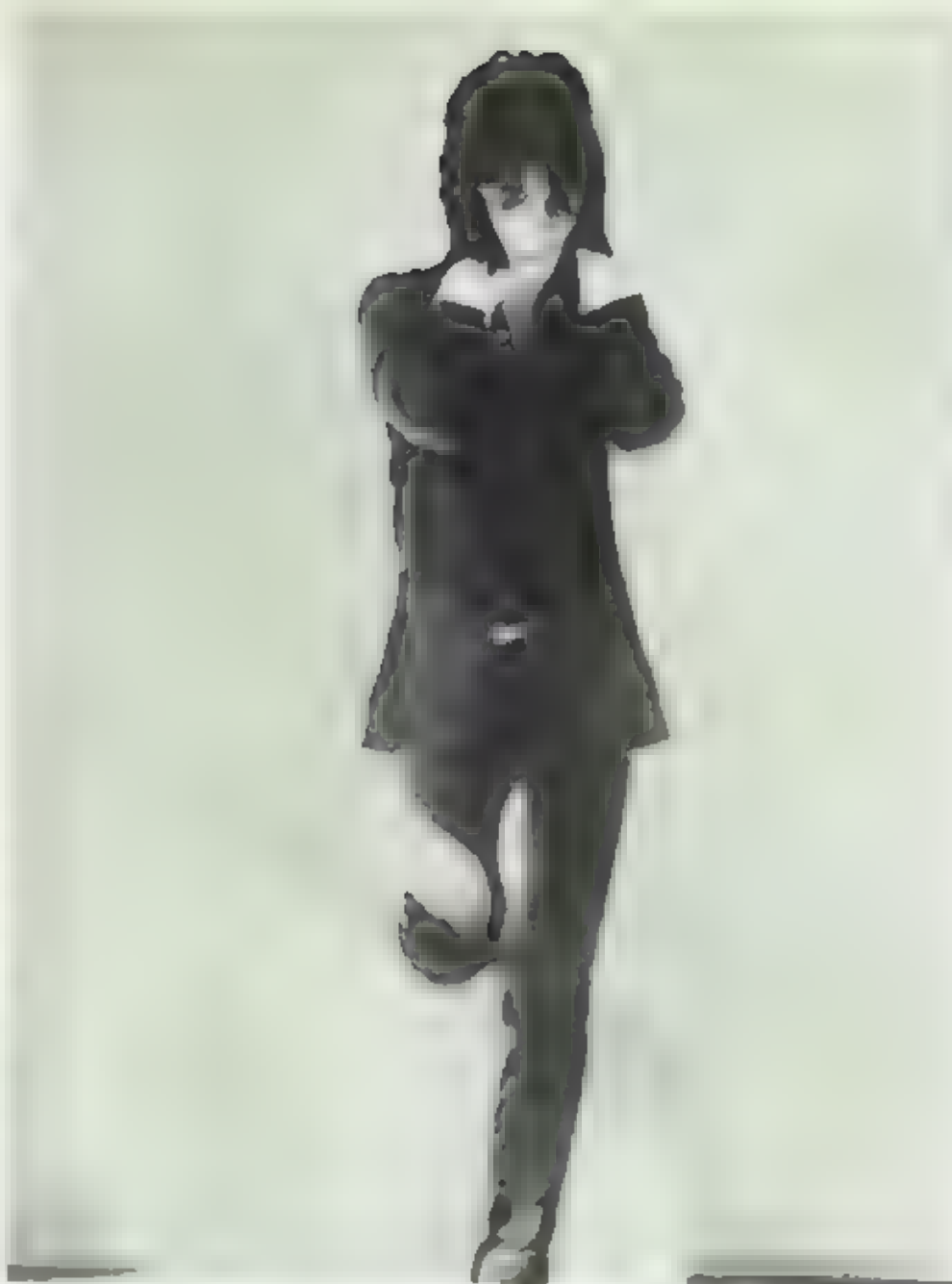
They say that I shall never  
grow to stand so high.

But I climb among the hill of  
clouds and follow vanished  
lightning. I shall be deep in  
thunder with my head against  
the sky.



—  
1234Fun  
Hey baby we like your lips  
Hey baby we like your pants  
All aboard for funtime  
Fun  
I don't need no heavy trips  
I just do what I want to do  
Fun  
Everybody we want in  
We want some  
All aboard for funtime.

(Iggy Pop)



Michelle Evans —

I've always been  
crazy, but it's kept me  
from going insane.



Paula Graham

Lee West







Scott Massey —

My eyes have just been  
opened,  
and they're opened very  
wide.

Images around me  
don't identify inside  
Just one blur I  
recognize —

The one that soothes  
and feeds.

My way of life is easy  
And as simple are my  
needs.

(Lee, Lifeson, and  
Peart)

Hy Houdek —

Life on earth, take it for what  
it's worth:  
We are all part of the Universe.  
You are all my brothers.

Use your heads,  
Use your hearts,  
Save yourselves.  
(Todd Rundgren)





Richard Andrews —

It's time for me to  
ramble on.

Jennifer Girsdanský



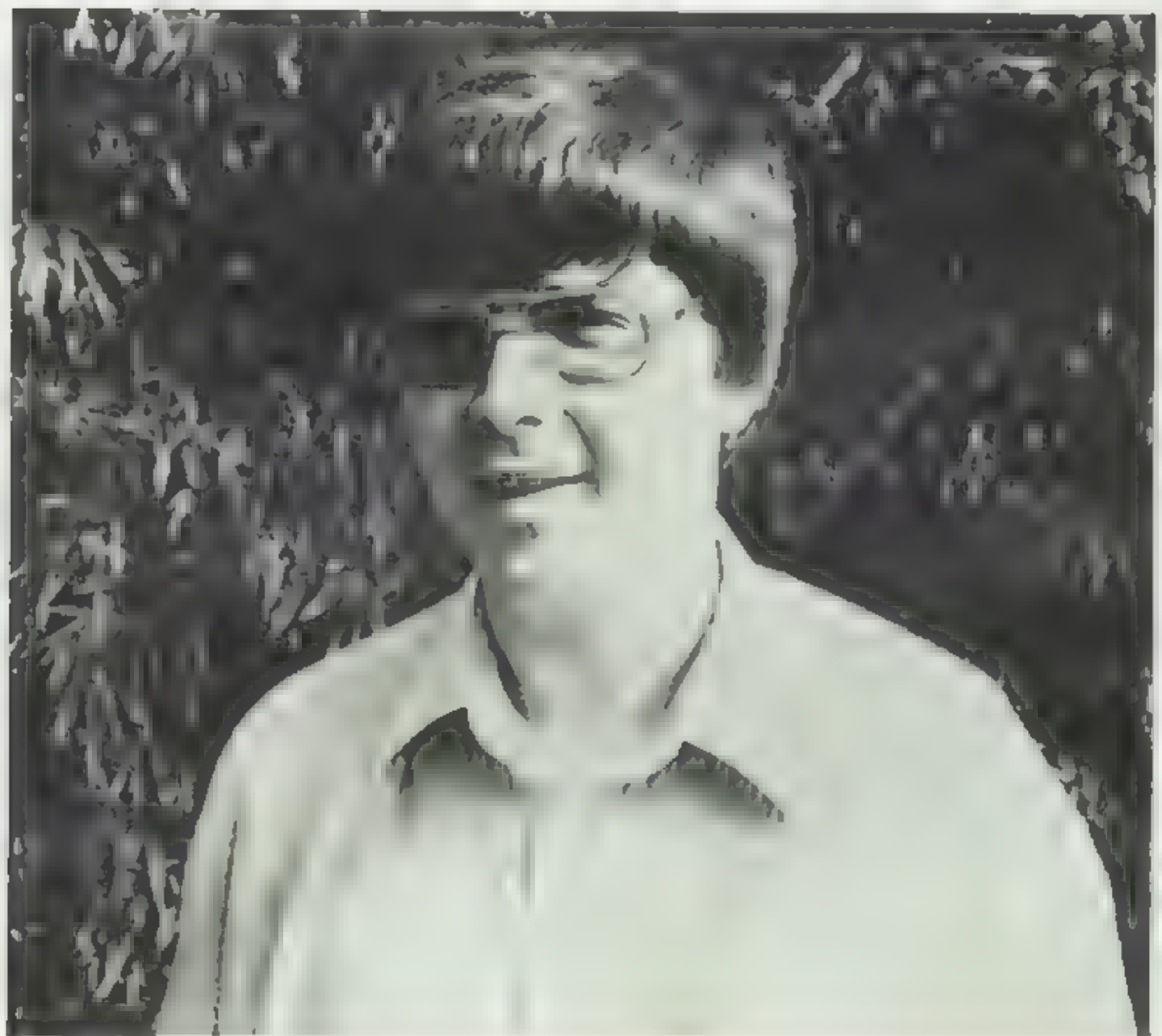




Tracy Skinner —

I'm on the train to Bangkok,  
aboard the Thailand  
Express.  
(Rush)

Paul Marshall





I experimented

...

creations  
of my mind . . .

Left: Linda Thompson

Below: John Osborne —

Rust never sleeps.





until I learned  
what I  
could build.



Susan Thayer —  
Life — Is to die for!

Jim Suhler



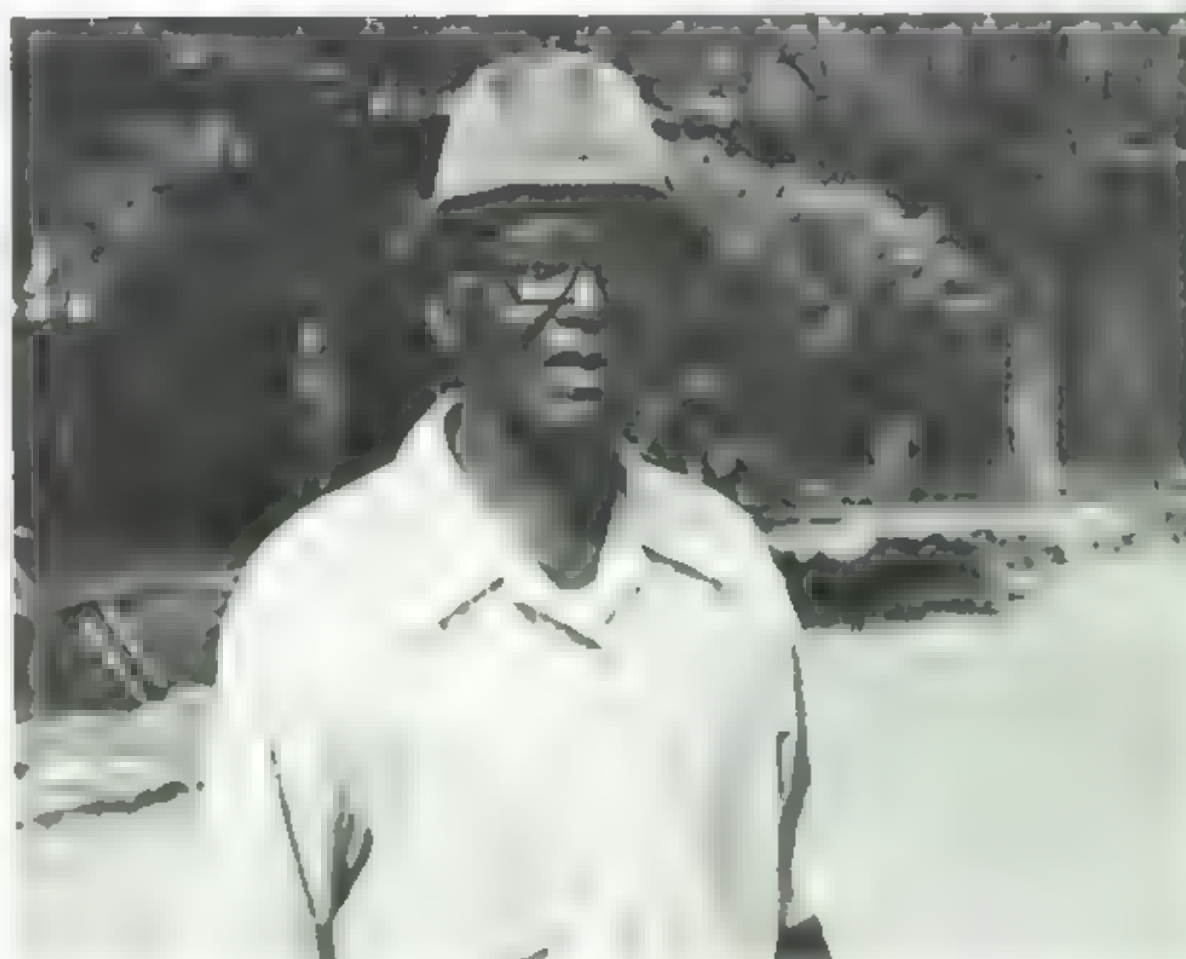
# The Board and Director of Walden



left to right: Tom Miller, Marie Loar, Jack Johnson



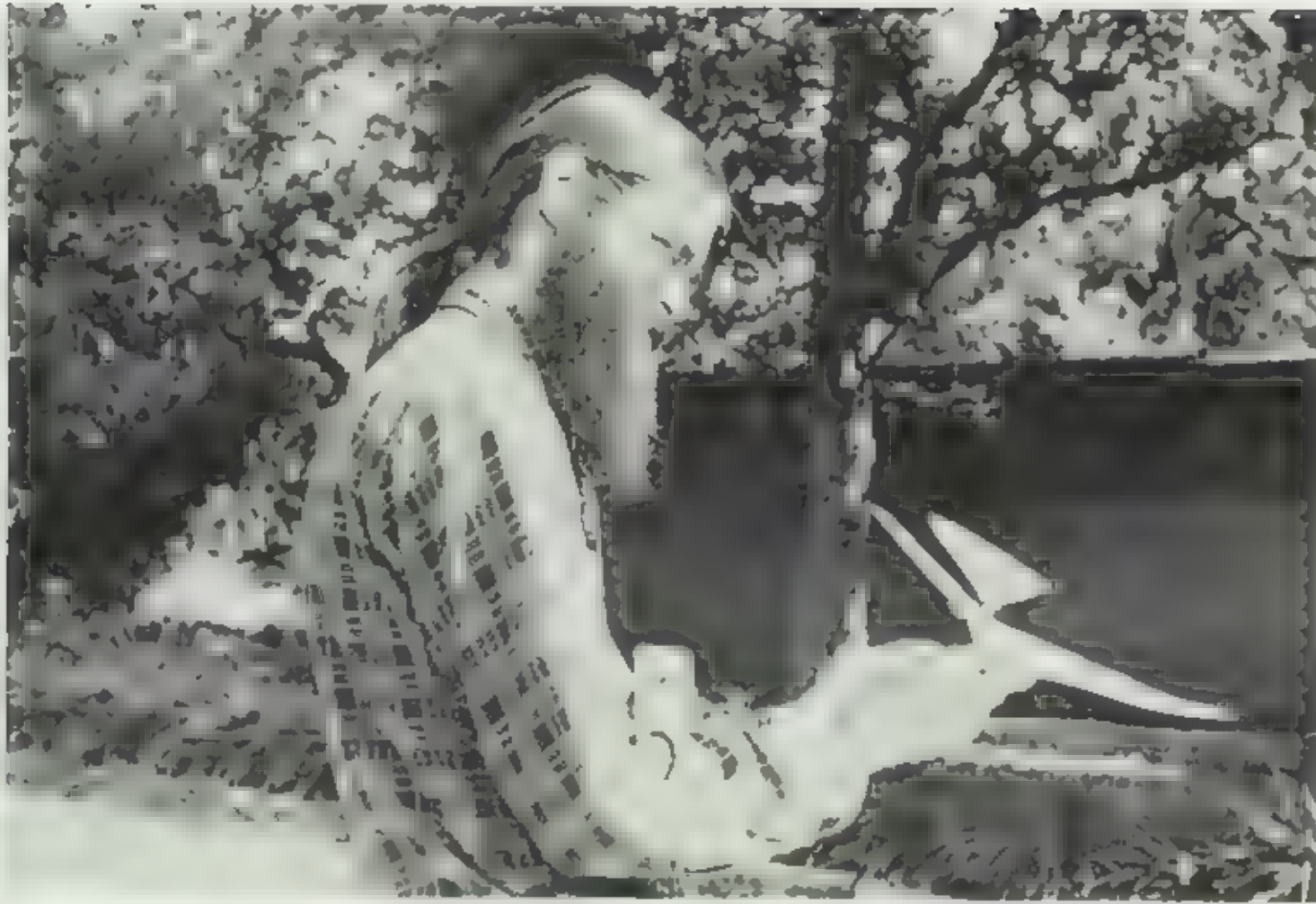
## And our Friend



Earsley Mattocks friend, helper, believer



# FACULTY



Stephen Houpt



Sandy McKean Goodin







Paula Doty

Michael Flanigan





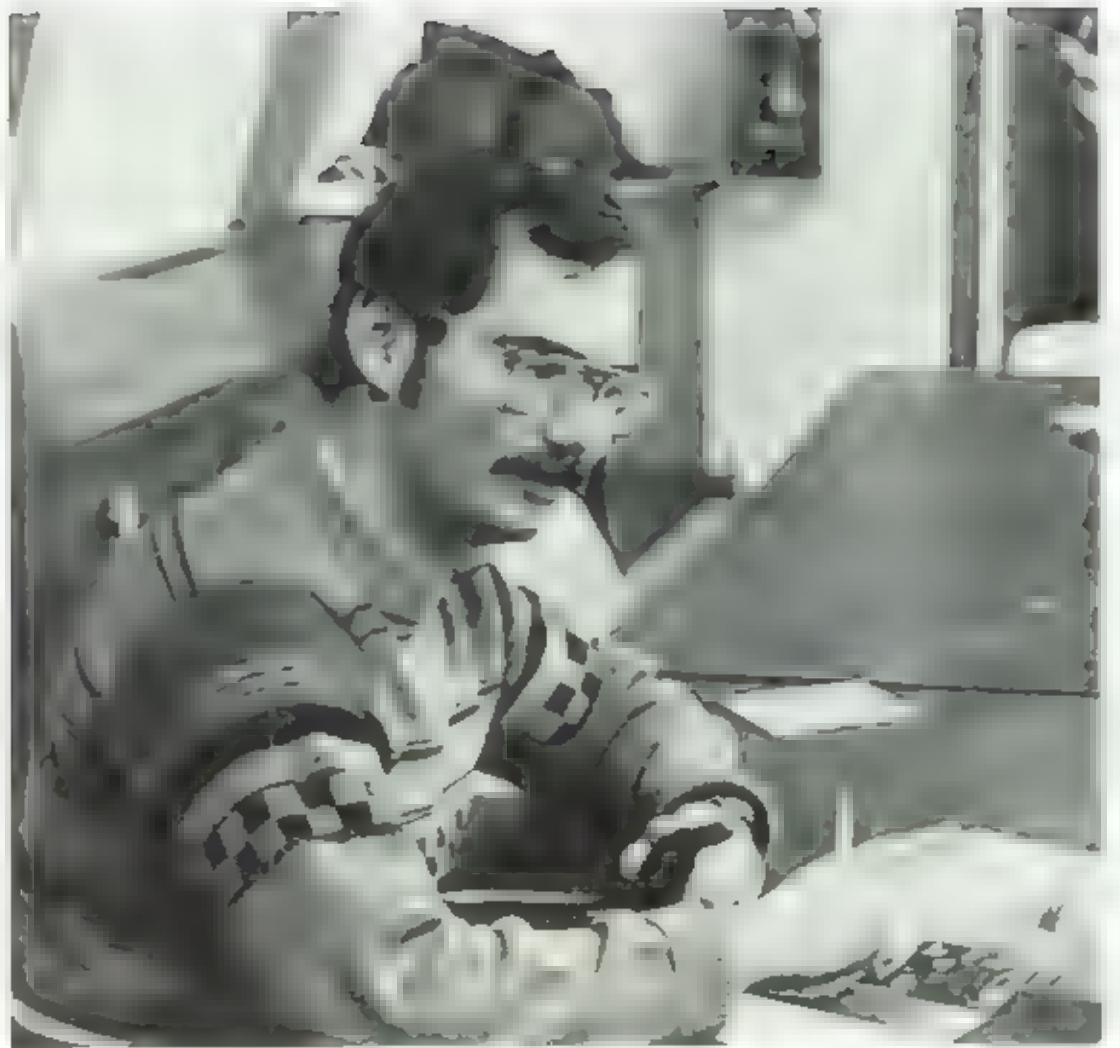
Elisa Berger

Larry Stone

?



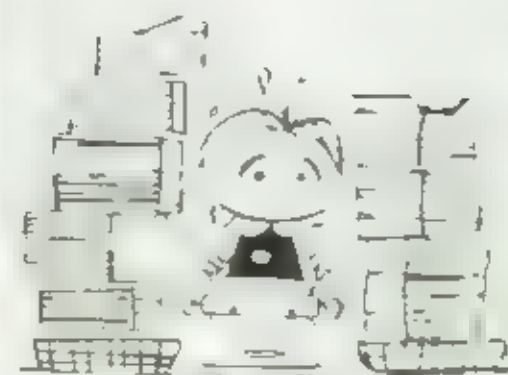
Linda Shasberger



Bruce Bradshaw







Pamela Ezell



Walter Chapin





One clear, late summer afternoon, we all gathered with lunch and guitar



Susan put on her shades and the crowd was amazed.

Vivica, Jude and Jennifer led the pack. How were we supposed to know they had kept up practice since kindergarten?

# PICNIC!



Above are only a few of the “turkeys” that came to see the action.

We discovered with Brad that you don't need legs to jump rope — in fact it's easier!



in the back. Then someone got a bright idea — Jump rope! Everyone got out of hand . . .



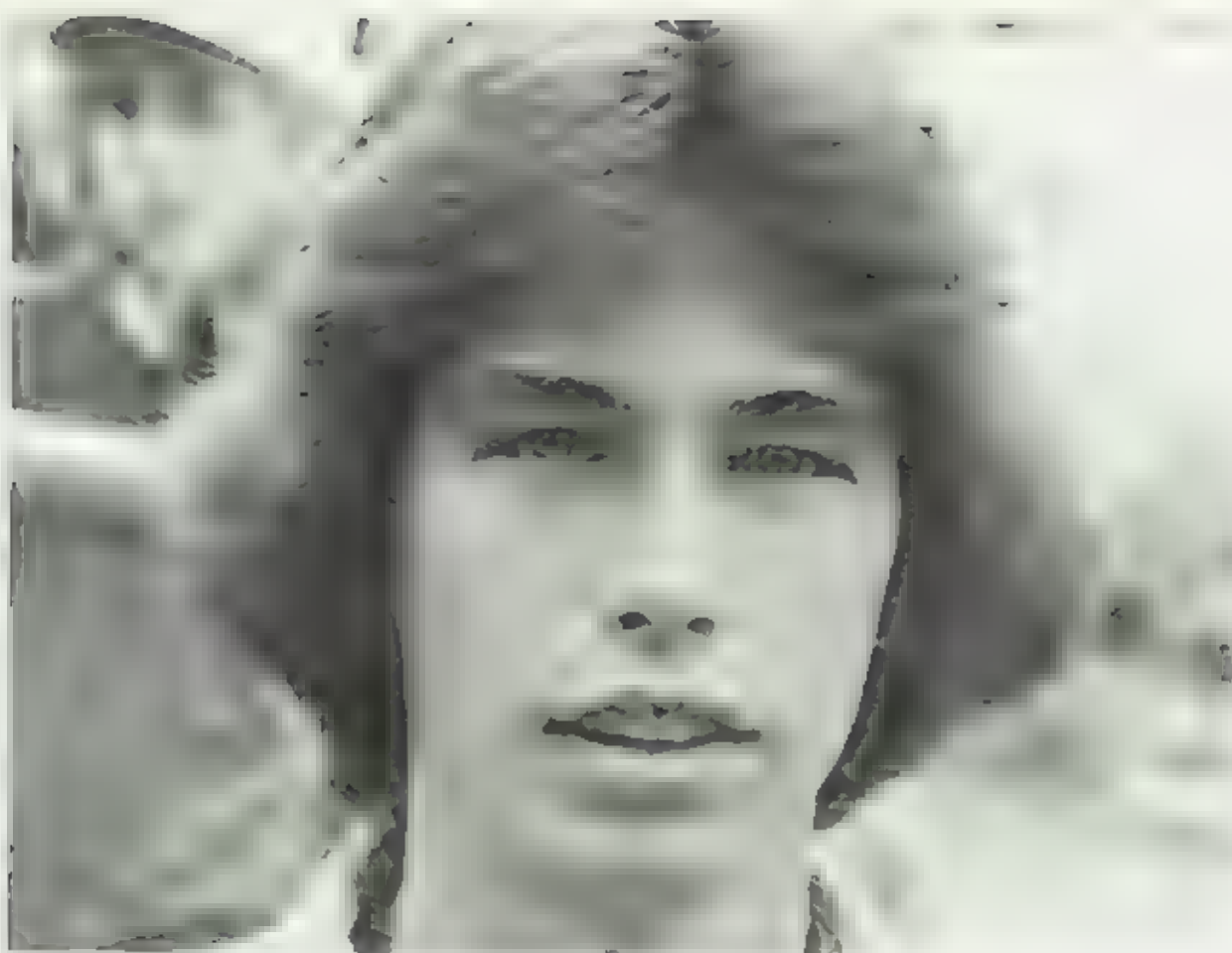


# FUTURE SENIORS

I was at the beginning of the end  
in a long maze of doors.  
I find the only key,  
my friend, that works  
is the one that breaks life loose  
to send the peace  
that is mine.

Jay Byrd





Paul Vaughn



Madonna Guerrin



Greg Lewis

Ronnie Haynie







Holly Reese

Kirk Lau





Left:  
Bunnie Mecaskey

Below:  
Rob Drake





Left:  
Tracy Williamson

Below:  
Bill Bookman







Jim Alexander



Ha Pham



Thoman Nixon



Karen Barnett

Bill Robertson



Cheryl Murchison



Missy Spillman



David Galloway





Missy Hall

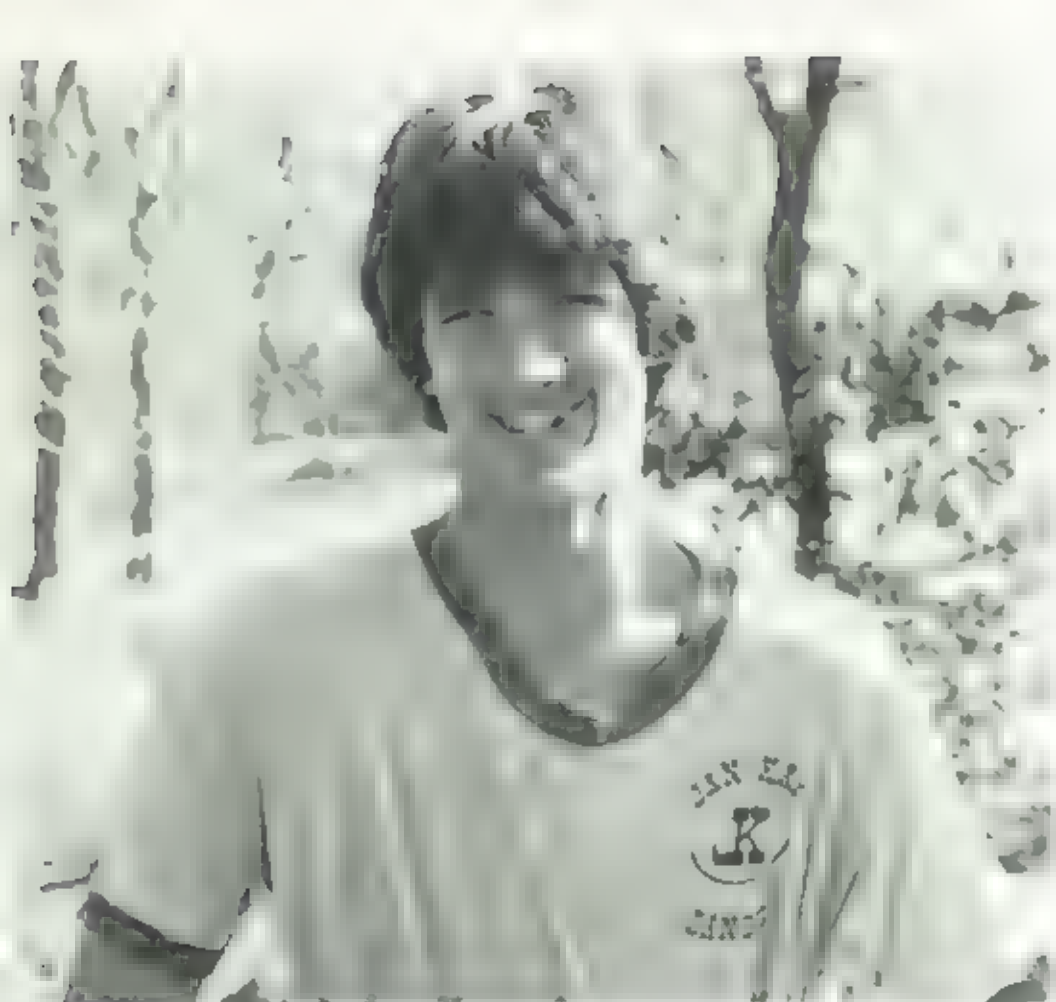


H. G. Powell



Greg Harris





Tim Glass



Senn Robinson



David Dial

Mike Sides



Mark Rothstein



Scott Stewart







# MY FEARS!

They attack  
when I least expect it!



Kidnapped by someone who drinks rootbeer!



People with heads and no arms, or with no body at all!

Hearing the plant behind me talking!



Discovering that "Pepsodent smile" while trying to enjoy a bit of nature.



Finding out what "Peppers" are really like!



Learning grown-ups aren't safe to be around at times!



Even missing my nails when I need to bite them!



Then someone told me  
that only thing to fear . . .

is

**FEAR**  
itself!







So next  
time  
the  
**UNEXPECTED**  
happens

...

**Stay cool!**



# I AM . . .



a person who loves nature,  
a dreamer and a realist,  
a builder of beauty,  
and a destroyer of bad faith.

**I AM**

**...**



**... different things to each  
person I meet.**

**I am a unity  
of their reflections.**





# UNICORN . . .

Some say the Unicorn is dead, along with  
the smell of a new morning and the fear of  
a winter frost. Yet he lives within the  
Mind's Eye and the heart.

On this long, lonely road she walks in this world.  
She is lost can't seem to find her way. Many  
walks she's taken hoping to discover her dreams.  
suppose she has taken the wrong turns and fallen  
in too many streams.  
She has found the feeling that hurt gives and what  
lying and cheating can bring.  
Where is the path she must take to all the answers  
she must find?  
The hope, happiness, and love she has to share.  
Always on the rocky road she trips;  
She is tired of stumbling.  
Someone show her a smooth road where she may  
walk.  
She is willing to climb the highest hill to reach the  
highest dream.  
Lead her on a hopeful path to she can find her way  
and discover the dreams that she seeks for  
today.  
— Jennifer Girsdanský

I'm not amused,  
a bit confused —  
what have you seen?  
I'm not asking you  
to shape up your life,  
just asking where you've been.  
Tell me your story  
of the years behind,  
Then I'll tell you mine.  
I'm on the inside  
looking outside,  
Feeling very dark.  
— Tim Hawkins



For John Lennon and Others

A man stepped into the eleventh hour darkness to be met by a  
cold hard flame of death.  
A spirit fled into the night, and his song ended — his destiny  
unfulfilled.  
The world paused a moment to mourn, for he was a bond —  
One of those rare men taught by the gods to sing divinely, and  
men gave ever honored their minstrel.  
We wept, not for the man, whom we did not know,  
But for the loss of his music.  
Death, unsatiated, did not pause.  
An old woman feebly sensed his presence in gleaming silent steel  
as her life was bartered for a few crumpled bills.

Another spirit hastened toward infinity, unnoticed, and  
unaccompanied by the dirges of men.  
Our caring is limited and tears of grief, like precious jewels, are  
dearly bought.  
She had not the price —  
Not one song or one moment of glory to exchange for one tear.  
And so she died in silence — Or did the gods rejoice in choruses  
unheard by man,  
As two spirits, naked and indistinguishable merged with  
infinity.

— Linda Shasberger

# Childhood Is . . .

Not sleeping on Christmas Eve, hoping you can hear Santa Claus fall down the chimney.  
Having to sit pretty with Mom's company when you wish you could be running around  
with the older boys outside.

Wishing you didn't have a baby sister who gets all the attention and is spoiled rotten.

Being an expert on lying about where all the cookies went that Mom just bought.

Fantasizing about becoming a movie star.

Getting into Mom's makeup and dressing in her evening gowns when she goes shopping.

— Jennifer Girsdansky

Going trick-or-treating on Halloween night.

Playing hopscotch or playing on monkey bars.

Having rock fights in between houses and getting hit with one.

Fighting with big brother and changing little sister's diapers.

Taking care of pet rats.

Walking on the "white" brick road.

Having to go to church and sit still for one *whole* hour.

Having little sister call me "mommie."

— Linda Thompson

Playing dirty tricks on the prettiest girl in kindergarten.

Sitting on your father's lap when he comes home from work, and getting him in a good  
mood!

Crying for your mother when your father has left home . . .

Having your big brother use your Mickey Mouse turntable to play a Grand Funk album  
for his best friend.

— Susan Thayer

Beating up all the boys because they won't kiss you.

Watching cartoons.

Being Jumprope Queen at your elementary school.

Playing army with your brother and taking all his men as prisoners.

Taking big brother's bike.

Hiding your little sister's favorite shoes and saying you haven't  
seen them in weeks!

Playing sick so you don't have to go to school.

Wanting everything you see.

Needing *all* the attention — forget brothers and sisters!

— Michelle Evans

Always remaining a child so I may watch the dance of the trees and talk of dreams with  
the moonbeams.

— Elisa Berger

With all my years behind me  
 And a lot still left ahead!  
 I've got my memories.  
 Memories are things too special to forget.  
 I have my friends;  
 Friends are people too special to let go.  
 I have this fear of age;  
 Old is supposed to be an ugly word.  
 But I've seen old in other people,  
 And they didn't look ugly to me.  
 No one dies young.  
 We age a little in everything we do,  
 And we all do a lot.  
 A have love;  
 Love is a power we all possess.  
 I have freedom'  
 freedom is what we call our own.  
 But a wise man once said,  
 "There is no freedom."  
 I say he's wrong.

Considering all that I have now,  
 There is really nothing that I need  
 I'm quite content.  
 And I'll probably still be if I died now,  
 But don't hold me to it.  
 There's a lot I haven't seen.  
 And too much I haven't said.  
 I want a little time of my own.  
 We expect too much of others,  
 And so little if any, of ourselves.  
 I want to get to know myself better  
 How strange a thing to ask for  
 If you look at it,  
 look at it good.  
 If you look at me,  
 Look at me good.  
 I may seem young,  
 But I've been around  
 A long time.

— Jennifer Keen

Old man  
 In the bed,  
 Are you ill  
 Because you're  
 Old  
 Or just  
 Impatient?

- Tim Hawkins



My mind is being drawn  
 through a pen  
 It lays upon the paper  
 and stares at my face  
 melted dreams fill my spirit,  
 now  
 The walls crumble to dust,  
 beyond the sun  
 And the fools play  
 Their mind games.  
 My head is pounding with thoughts,  
 that I'm not thinking

Someone speaks clear to me,  
 but I cannot hear their voices  
 Music blows within my mind  
 and in this calling back  
 I can hear my thoughts react  
 The sun and the moon  
 The earth and the sky  
 and all the things that seem  
 to pass by  
 from beginning to end.  
 Never to live or to die.

Jude Koons





## A Great Man

My grandmother stood behind the camera. Her subject, a beautiful baby girl, had never been photographed before.

"Bryan, will you stand on your head?"

"Sure!" I stood on my head and made funny faces at the girl. She stared at me and then started gurgling happily.

"Thank you," my grandmother said as she took picture after picture.

Several summers ago, I spent two weeks with my grandparents. They own a photographic studio in Winnsboro and a thirty-acre farm outside of town. At the farm, I explored the many pastures and wooded areas. The cattle paid little attention to me, so I left them alone.

After dinner, I built a dam in the creek. My grandfather came from the house to look at it. I really admire that man. He built a house in his backyard. I guess it was more of a workshop, but it was as big as my parents' house.

My grandfather owned a foreign car. It barely had room for two people, and it looked very ugly, but I loved to ride in it.

Every night, my grandfather and I built a fire by the creek. Sitting in chairs by the fire, the sounds of the country would overwhelm my mind — so much life that I could hear sense, all around me.

All of this excitement went on for two weeks — I had the time of my life. As I grew older, I still visited them several times a year. My grandfather was not getting any younger; he started visiting a lung specialist more and more often.

"Hello, Granddad," I said hesitantly. My grandfather lay in a bed, several machines managed and marked his life. I didn't like being there.

"Hey!" My grandfather greeted me weakly, but enthusiastically. My parents told me that he might live for many more years. I go to visit, but the fire burns no longer.

## I Hear The Sun

A tree whispers to the wind  
As it blows the leaves from side to side.  
Tell me of the grass and flowers  
That sing to the sun and sky.  
Are they disturbed by the airplane  
That flies over them and screams for  
destruction?  
I sit, think and wonder.  
The sights before me are so peaceful.  
I am sorry for the man  
Who cannot see them.  
Does he imagine the sights  
That I can see?  
Can I imagine the things  
That he hears?  
No reason to waste my thoughts on  
That I can't hear.  
I am deaf.

— Susan Thayer



Watching a tree  
Out a window,  
I gazed at one  
particular leaf.  
I watched it  
and the wind got stronger  
and my heart speeded  
rapidly.

The leaf finally fell  
and I felt my life  
fading away,  
yet born again.

— Tim Hawkins

Dazedly he stood there,  
not knowing what to say.  
The words at the moment had not  
a damn thing to play.  
Calmly reaching for a heart of steel,  
he ran in a circle,  
a circle of fear.  
Praised was the time  
and still was the day;  
Dark was the love that decided  
to fly away;  
Singing out the pain that held  
to the soul.  
He fell in the mist,  
not knowing where to go.

— Jude Koons

If it wasn't for the memory  
of some people that I know  
I don't think I'd be trying,  
Just be drowning in the Blues.

I remember the people I want to  
I speak to the people I choose,  
I look at many lifetimes,  
I watch as many lose.

I wish I had a profession  
(I'd go to work *every day*)  
So when it came to Friday  
I could pick up my pay.

— Tim Hawkins

I just found myself crying.  
It was the sadness of my soul.  
Trying, I found myself.  
To reach an understanding.  
I fought against my feelings,  
To contain my sadness.  
But being in the dark,  
I could not see from where they  
Were coming.

— Jennifer Keen

#### Poem of an Empty House (For Miloe)

I walk through empty halls of a place  
I used to know in wornout dreams.  
Do you see the people who have died here?  
Can you hear the voices talking to me?

No one can possibly see, in reality,  
The things I see in my mind.  
How vivid the colors and lights are to me.  
I wonder if it happened this way before.

Maybe to somebody else, not to me,  
Nothing ever happens to me.  
I just float from day to day on  
a stream of sun and rain, no joys.

Everything I've ever known, I've forgotten  
My friends, my parents, my animals.  
But the people who died still surround me  
I know this isn't a dream . . .  
. . . I'm dead.

— Susan Thayer

#### Feel

Friend that say they're friends  
(But aren't)  
Lovers who make love  
(But can't)  
They don't feel  
But my emotions  
They steal — till I can't feel.

Love is shared between you and me  
(You just take)  
There is no love — we talk  
(You listen)  
Now I don't feel  
But your emotions  
I steal — and now you don't feel.

You said I loved you, friend  
I said I love you, love  
Guess my watch is wrong  
I guess my timing's off.

1 year ago you loved me, love  
But I need no love  
Guess my emotion is wrong  
I guess my love is off.

Now I'm the victim  
Of crazy feelings —  
Guess my calendar's wrong.  
I guess our date is off.

— Jon Lacey







Etching-Ha Pham

The masks that were me  
Were torn off by you  
Stomped in the ground  
bleeding and screaming who

You picked up  
My least favorite one  
Put on me  
And left with a run.

— Jon Lacey

### Reflect Upon Your Reflections

When you get what you want in struggle for self.  
And the world makes you royalty for a day,  
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself.  
And see what that person has to say.

For it isn't your father, mother or friends  
Whose judgment you must pass.  
The one whose verdict on which your life depends  
Is the image staring back in the glass.  
That's the person to please,  
Never mind all the rest,  
For that is the one with you clear up to the end.

And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test  
If the reflection in the glass is your friend,  
You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years,  
And get pats on the back as you pass,  
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears  
If you've cheated the one in the glass.

— Bunnie Mecaskey

I wanted to write  
A song for you  
But the music wasn't right  
And the words weren't true

One way things  
Get old quick  
And the boring one nites  
There making me sick

Baby, when it rains,  
Sunshine it pours  
And loves, the girls I know,  
Are all just bores

So gimme a kiss  
Tell me it's okay  
I know it's a lie  
Here's where it'll stay

— Jon Lacey

There was a room.  
 A candle lit on a dresser,  
 And near it, a photograph of a young man.  
 I saw in the flickering light,  
 The shadow of all that was present.  
 A brass bed, a quilt, a vanity,  
 And a young woman.  
 She sat quiet in a gown and robe,  
 Listening to a piano and violin concerto.  
 She held in her hands a lovely pattern in lace,  
 It was to be her wedding dress.  
 She held it up, and then placed her body next to it,  
 Holding it closer to feel it better.  
 Admiring her self, she was beautiful.  
 She went towards the bed, and placed it nearly on top,  
 Making sure nothing would wrinkle.  
 She then took the corners of her robe,  
 And danced lightly around the room,  
 So nicely with the soft music.  
 She swayed back and forth, from corner to corner,  
 Gentle and easy, and then stopped before the dresser.  
 Her hand was holding her heart,  
 As when stared into the eyes of the face in the  
 Photograph.  
 He was so to be her husband,  
 And she his wife.  
 No longer would she be a girl,  
 She would then be a woman.  
 She took the photograph to her lips and gently  
 Kissed it,  
 As the music ended.  
 And all you could hear was the scratching of the record  
 That sounded from the worn out victrola.  
 And then the candle went out.

If that could be me, I said,  
 It would be nice.  
 But it wouldn't be as beautiful  
 As in the dream.

— Jennifer Keen

I needed a brain  
 But we aren't selling any  
 I needed a god  
 But I couldn't believe any  
 I needed a love  
 But I didn't have any  
 I really did but  
 She wouldn't take any  
 I need too  
 But she wouldn't give any  
 Make me believe  
 You love me too  
 Make me believe —  
 You wouldn't

— Jon Lacey



**Contratulations  
Seniors of '81**

**Best Wishes  
For the Future**

**Marvin Bradburn**

**Hoffman  
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**James Hoffman**

**Congratulations  
Tracy and All  
the  
Seniors**

**Melba Skinner**



**Congratulations and  
Best Wishes  
to the Class of 1981  
From**

**LAKEWOOD JEWELERS**

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**JAMES R. SUHLER**

PRESIDENT



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**Congratulations  
to the Seniors of  
Walden 80-81  
Heather Brown**

**See you on the  
dark side of the  
moon**

**Jesse Brown**

**Congratulations  
Graduates  
of  
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**Sue Houdek**

Congratulations  
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of the world.

Always speak  
with love

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Walden is life:  
the love, the caring,  
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learning about yourself  
and others,  
learning where you  
fit into it all.

(George Mills)



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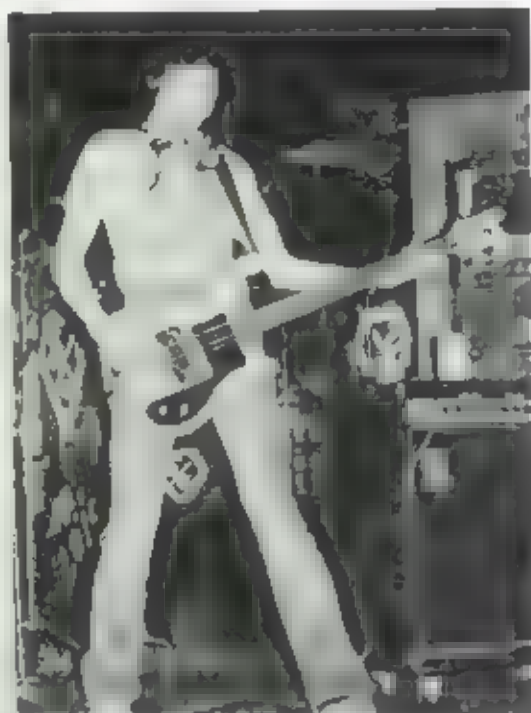
Celest,  
**YOUR MY #1**  
Jerry Beller

Greg Shuford:  
May your wit be ready  
And your vision be  
dear.  
Go for the Gusto,  
I don't mean beer.  
Rain, snow, dark or  
shine,  
Hope that you are  
doing fine.  
Your Mom and Dad  
Love you,  
Geo Shuford

# **SUPERMANS**

**JAMES**

**ENN**



**PAUL**

**DOUGY**

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to the  
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of  
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STUDENTS  
AND  
FACULTY**

# THE STAFF

Richard



Jill



Heather



Lisa

Susan



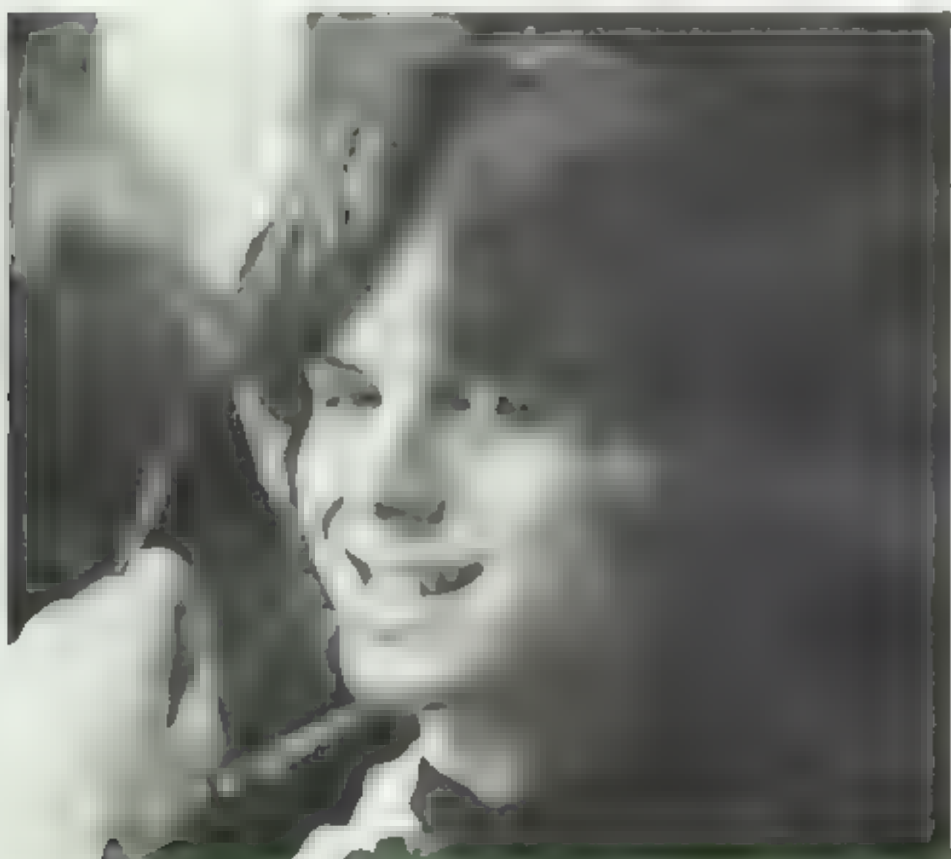




Greg



Hy



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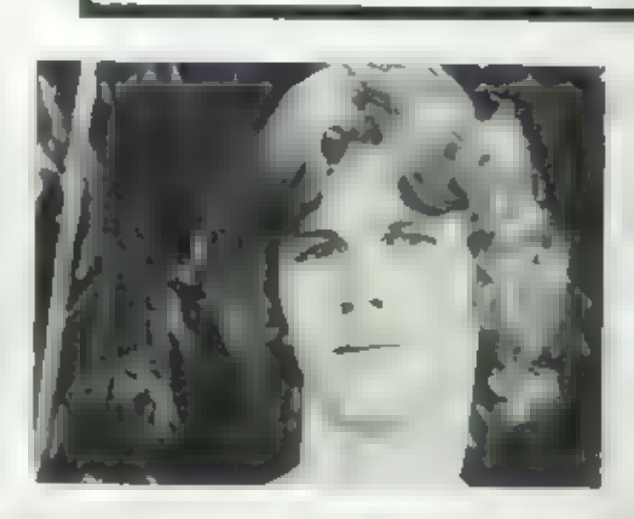
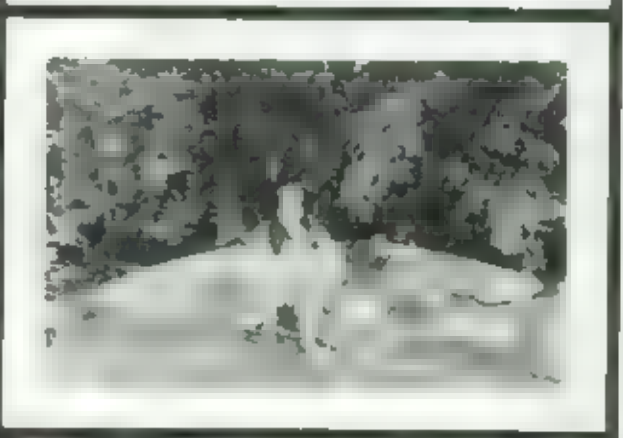
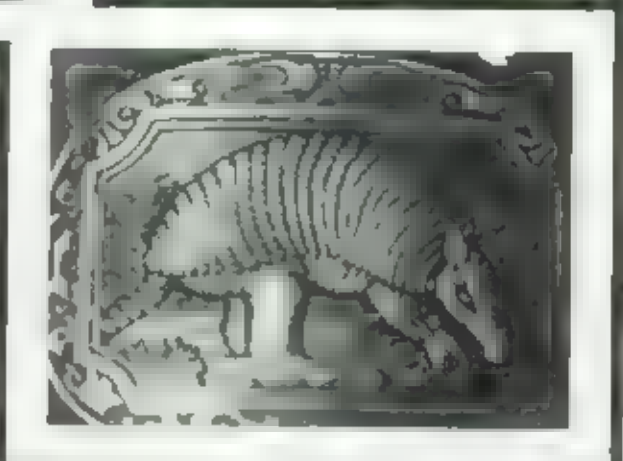
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1980-81

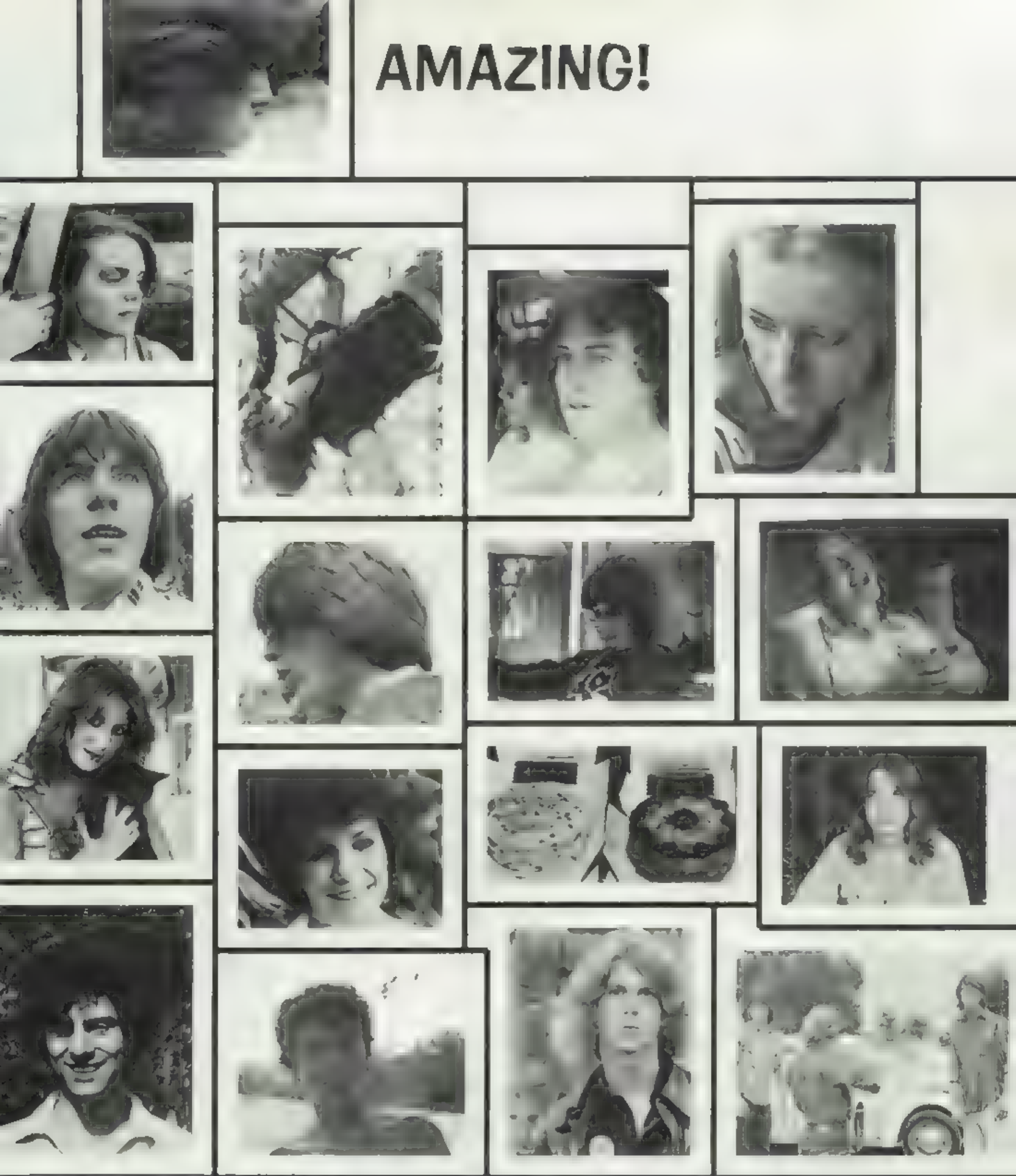
WAS



Playing guitars . . . Luther's . . . punk's dead . . . Dallas Repertory Theatre . . . Jackson Browne . . . Cars . . . Van Halen . . . Fleetwood Mac . . . Elton John . . . Frank Zappa . . . *Arsenic and Old Lace* . . . You'd have to be there! . . . "Where'd that cement picnic bench come from?" . . . four summer Musketeers in Europe . . . *Elephant Man* . . . *Cosmos* . . . *Ordinary People* . . . *All That Jazz* . . . *Battle of the Stars* . . . only T.V.

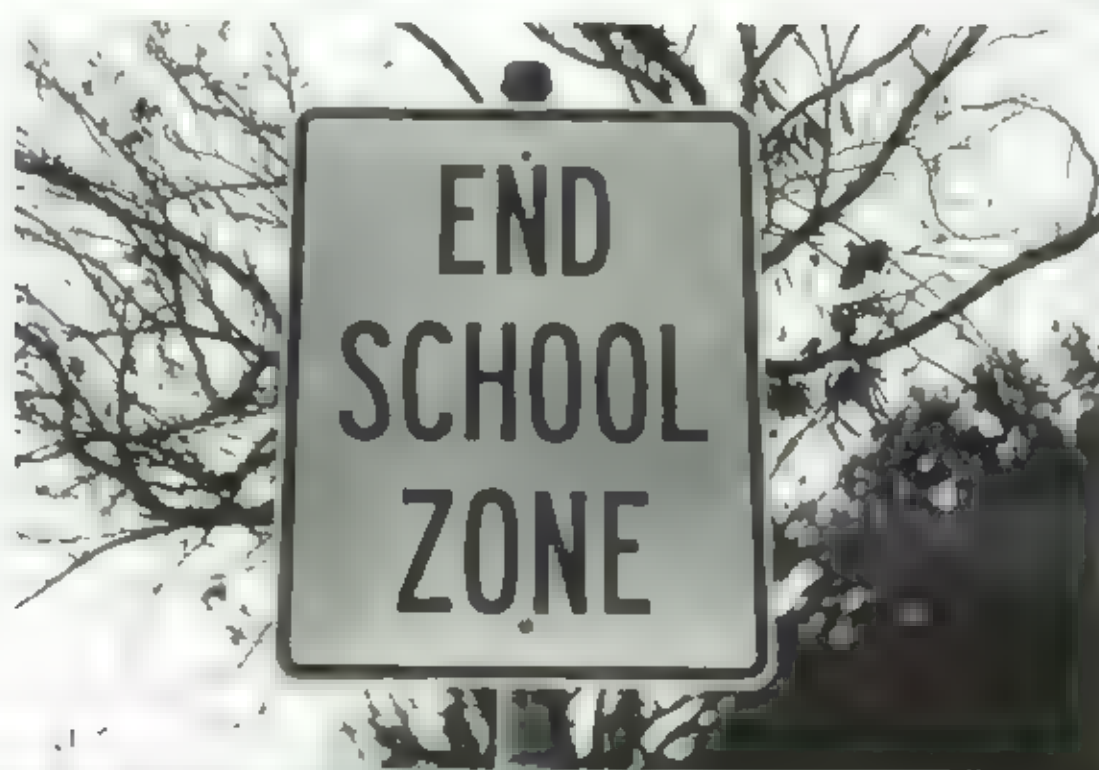


# AMAZING!



movies, nothing more . . . Woody Allen . . . Halloween – where were you? . . . “Some people can’t stay on a horse!” . . . rock’s dead . . . camel face . . . “Charge?” . . . “Can I have a sip?” . . . “You going home today?” . . . teachers that don’t come or leave but they’re here?! . . . “What ever happened to Peter Frampton?” . . . Iran-Iraq and the 52 pawns . . . Reagan, Carter, Anderson the Three Stooges . . . Frank Homet, we miss you . . . the end of a long, hot summer —





fried brains . . . "I don't need no heavy trips — I just do what I want to do" . . . St. Helen's eruption — "Will California really slide into the ocean?" . . . John Lennon assassinated . . . "All We Need Is Love! . . . Iran-Iraq — both sides winning . . . baby peacocks growing up with MOMMA! . . . Elderberry wine, hmmm, haven't had any since I was a little, bitty, bitty, bitty . . . drought-frost-humid heat — no snow days! . . . flu virus epidemic . . . 53 U.S. hostages welcomed by Pres. Reagan . . . 12% inflation . . . booming Addison — city of good roads and endless restaurants . . . Senior excitement and spring fever . . . summer comes to Walden . . .













